

The Skyrocket

FINAL EDIT
Term of 1926-27

Dedication

TO THE FACULTY, WHO HAS GUIDED
US SO PATIENTLY AND EARNEST-
LY THROUGH OUR SCHOOL
DAYS, WE DEDICATE THIS
EDITION OF THE
"SKYROCKET"

Foreword

AS AMERICA TREASURES THE
EVENTS OF HER YOUTH—SO
HANDLEY HIGH SCHOOL TREAS-
URES THESE EVENTS OF OUR
YOUTH THAT THE MEMORIES OF
THE FUTURE MAY BE MADE
MORE VIVID BY THIS RECORD
OF THE PAST WHICH HAS BEEN
KEPT THROUGH THE "SKY-
ROCKET."

High School Building

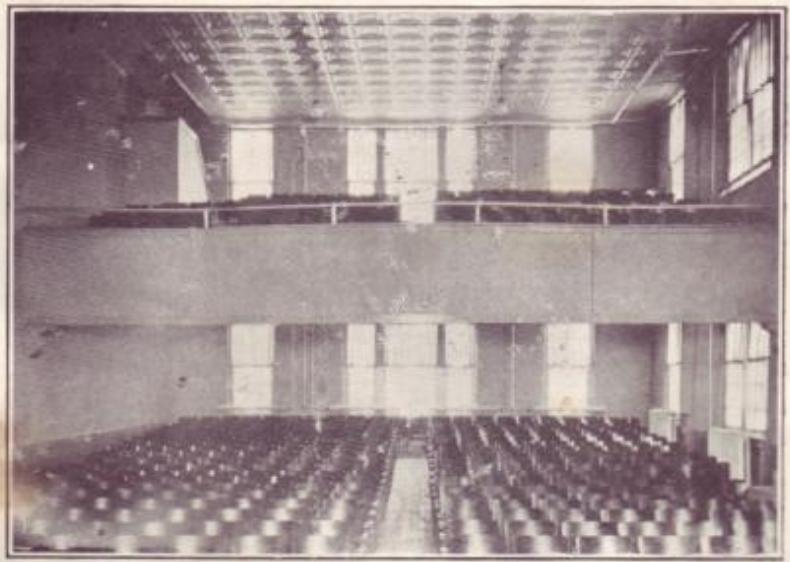


We have here what is considered to be one of the best equipped schools in building, furniture, teachers and taxable wealth in the State of Texas, and it behooves us to make every reasonable effort to make it better and better, and personally I feel that every corporation doing business in and through this town should realize that our interest in this matter is even less than their interest, for it all means greater business and profits for them. At any rate every inhabitant of this little city should take pride in supporting our school, which is by far our greatest asset, in every way and every manner possible and to whatever degree is necessary.

Auditorium



STAGE



SEATS

Laboratory



We have good reason for being proud of our Laboratories. They are equipped throughout with Shelton Laboratory furniture and no cost is being spared to keep them at all times in the best of condition. Each year the teacher in charge has the privilege of making a purchase of such articles as are necessary to the up-keep and improvement of the laboratories. So long as his suggestions are in reason no limit is placed upon him. This makes it possible for us to maintain at all times a high standard of work, as well as adding to the pleasure of our science courses. Three hundred dollars are being spent for up-keep for the year 1927-28. The greater part of this amount will be for General Science and Physical Equipment. This insures another successful year as far as equipment is concerned.

Our Dramatic Review

During the month of October a Dramatic Club was organized under the leadership of the Expression teacher, Mrs. R. V. Simons.

The first play was presented in chapel on Friday morning, November 14, 1926. It was a one act play, "Where But In America." The members who took part were: Kathlyn Woolverton, Ella Jane Craig and Sherman Osburn.

The next was a two act comedy, "Aunt Billie from Texas," given December 18, 1926. The following members helped to make this play a success: Louise Davidson, Winona Pridgeon, Kathlyn Woolverton, Kathleen Hubbard, Grant Lauderdale, Sherman Osburn, David Ralston, Paul Kemp, Hattie Mae Driggers, Weldon Routt, Ella Jane Craig, Edith Kemp, Roy Cresswell, Thelma Cresswell, Eugene Anderson, Parker Hitt, and Margaret Shaham.

The following evening the entire club met at the Westbrook Hotel where Mrs. Simons was waiting to take us to the "Little Theater."

The last play was a three act comedy, "Box of Monkeys." This play was "up-to-date" in every way and highly entertaining. The members who participated in this play were: Grant Lauderdale, who took the part of "Edward Ralston," half owner of the Sierra gold mine; "Chauncey Oglethrope," his partner, Victor Johnson; Louise Davidson, who acted most successfully the part of "Mrs. Ondego Jhones."

The two girls in this play were Kathleen Hubbard and Kathlyn Woolverton. Kathleen took the part of "Sierra Bengoline," Mrs. Ondego Jhones' niece, a prairie rose. Kathlyn was "Lady Genevieve Landpoore," an English primrose.

After this play was given we were very sorry to learn that our English teacher was resigning. Our director took her place.

Next year we hope that the Dramatic Club will prove as successful as the Dramatic Club did the first part of this year.

Gymnasium



Haniley is justly proud of her large indoor modernly equipped gymnasium.

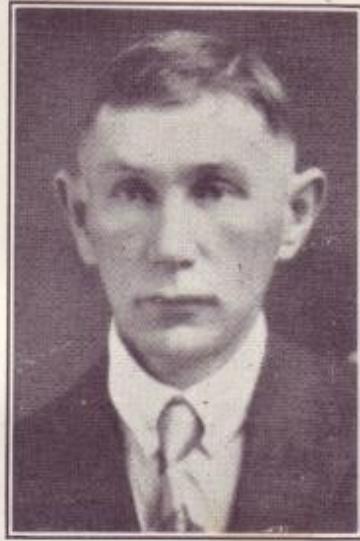
The students show their appreciation of the "gym" by constantly using the floor for basketball, volleyball, indoor baseball and tennis. Both girls and boys are eager for their time to practice.

It furn'shes a place for school fairs, banquets and many community activities.

Trustees



MR. STANLEY
President of School Board



S. C. SMART
Secretary of School Board



A. S. MURRAY



A. G. ROSSER

MR. KITCHEN

MARVIN ROBERSON

JOHN GARRETT

The Parent-Teachers' Association



MRS. I. B. HOWELL
President

"The Love of Childhood is the Common Tie Which Should Unite Us in Holiest Purpose."

The Handley P. T. A. boasts a membership of seventy-seven "paid-up" members. The meetings are anticipated with much pleasure. After the program and business meeting, they gathered in a delightful social hour at which light refreshments were served.

The P. T. A. has tried to make the meetings an inspiration and a pleasure, and have tried to avoid making too many demands on the members for money and donations. The Hallowe'en entertainment was the most successful and profitable of the year. The auditorium of the school building was filled to capacity and a most interesting program was rendered.

Nov. 19th, Visiting Day was observed and a picture was offered the room having the most parents visit them on that day. Mrs. Isenman's room succeeded in getting out the largest number of parents.

Child Welfare Day was observed. The president had prepared a dainty cake with thirty candles thereon, symbolizing the thirty years that they have profited by having organized Child Welfare work.

Five beautiful pictures have been awarded the rooms having the most mothers present at the P. T. A. meetings. Something over one hundred and seventy-five dollars have been spent for library books, maps, charts, etc. The P. T. A. is interested in every movement that benefits and uplifts the community.

The officers for 1927-28 are: Mrs. I. B. Howell, president; Mrs. J. P. Parker, first vice-president; Mrs. H. W. Green, second vice-president; Mrs. Claude Walker, third vice-president; Mrs. Marvin Roberson, secretary; Mrs. A. B. Rice, corresponding secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Homer Lancaster, press reporter; Miss Peggy Beard, parliamentarian.

A Tribute to Mr. Carter from the Seniors of 1927

We might begin by telling you how many years he has served us so faithfully, or how much our school has grown since he came. You know about our new High School on the hill, about the doubling and trebling and more, of our student body; of our increase in faculty to meet our present needs. You can appreciate this even better than we, but we owe him even more.

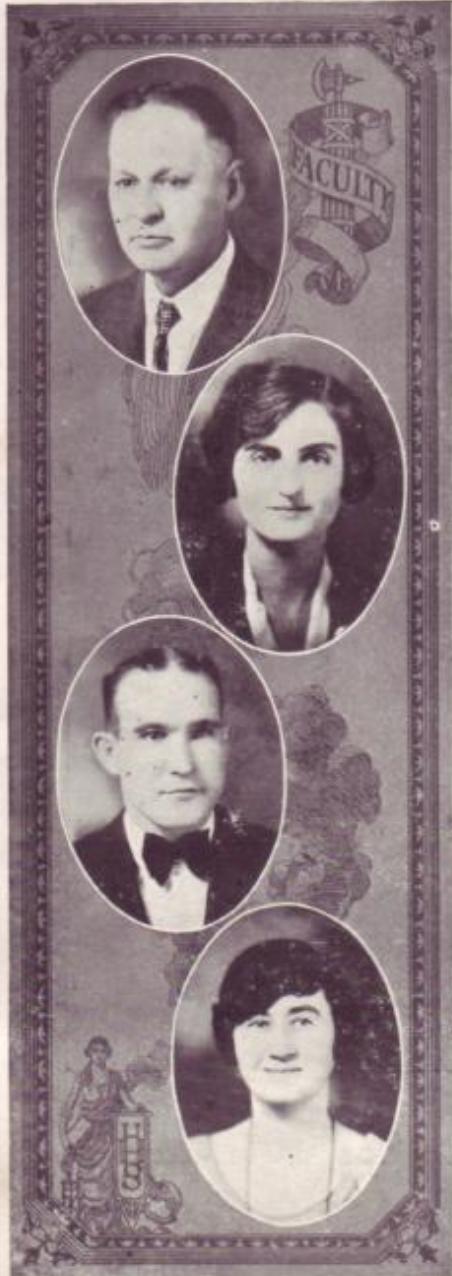
The man to whom we wish to pay tribute is not only the benefactor of our school; the scholar and man of letters, Professor Carter, but also our dear, trusted and much tried friend; the one who has been a part of our lives throughout our high school days. The one whose inevitable "four hours on this" has made us tremble, who develops our honor by making us use it; whose reprimands are like clean cut rapier thrusts, reaching to the quick with one strong stab. Whose impersonal "what do YOU want, little girl?" is offset by a personal interest that is felt, rather than seen, when one is in his presence; he has a keen sense of humor which sometimes goes a little beyond our comprehension.

Is it any wonder, then, that we love him? Is it odd that we respect his word, honor his study halls, fear his displeasure and enjoy his lectures? Is it unnatural that our throats should feel tight and our eyes dim when we pay him tribute, and prepare to tell him goodbye? Is it not right that we should honor and love him as we do?

Indeed, we feel that it is a privilege.



C. S. CARTER
SUPERINTENDENT OF HANDLEY PUBLIC SCHOOLS



C. S. CARTER, B. S.

Special work in University of Texas, University of Colorado, Northwestern U., U. of Chicago, Harvard U.

MRS. ROBERT SIMONS,

English

A. B., B. O., M. A., T. C. U., Fort Worth.

PAT S. DODSON,

Science

Baylor University, 1921; B. S. East Texas State Teachers College, Southern Methodist University, 1926.

MISS MARGARET NEWMAN,

History

B. S. Polytechnic College, S. M. U. and University of Colo.

C K. STARK,
Mathematics
N. T. S. T. C. and T. C. U.

MRS. TIP A. HORSLEY,
Spanish and Latin
N. T. S. T. C., Texas University, A.
B.

MISS RUTH BICKLE,
Commercial Courses
University of Texas, College of
Industrial Arts, Gregg Normal
School, Chicago.

MISS VARINA LIGGETT,
English and History
College of Industrial Arts, North
Texas Agricultural College, South-
western Junior College, Union Col-
lege, Nebraska, B. A. Degree.





MRS. J. W. HAMPTON

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the work done by Mrs. Hampton during her seven years in our school.

She was a capable, patient teacher, Dean of Girls and Sponsor of the paper; loved by everyone and missed by the students and faculty.

Seniors

COSTON GREGORY (Prim)

President of the Senior Class, Skyrocket Staff, Orchestra, Hi-Y, Dramatic Club. Most Popular boy.

"To be or not to be
That is the question."

LOUISE DAVIDSON (Blondy)

Vice-President of the Senior Class, Editor-in-Chief of the Skyrocket, Salutatorian, Vice-President of Girl Reserves, Chairman Senior Social Committee, Dramatic Club.

"A friend to all; ever ready to please
Is an adequate formula for Louise."
Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class,
Hi-Y, Boys Scholarship.

E. J. MITCHELL (Curley)

"In school he is ever fair and square,
For he never uses anti-kink on his
hair."

ELIZABETH RICE (Elizabeth)

Treasurer of Girl Reserves, Skyrocket Staff, Valedictorian, Class Reporter, Dramatic Club.

"Girls may get married; and others
roam.
But Elizabeth is happy to study at
home."

JOHN BRANNON (Slim)

President Hi-Y, Business Manager of Skyrocket, Debating Team, Class Spokesman.

"One of nature's best gifts,
Is the gift o' gab."

FLORA HOPKINS (Slouch)

Girl Reserve Cabinet, Skyrocket Staff.

"Smiling Brown-eyed Flora is a joy,
To the heart of many a boy."





EDITH KEMP (Eddeth)

Girl Reserve's Secretary, Skyrocket Staff, Dramatic Club, Senior Social Committee."

"To know her is to love her."

JESSIE BARTLETT (Jessica)

President Girl Reserves.

"Always smiling, always kind,
A friend like Jessie is nice to find."

LLOYD ROUTT (Honey)

Football '25, '26, '27, Hi-Y.

"A politicalian, Hale and hearty,
Leader of Do Something Party."

PAUL KEMP (Dog)

Football '24, '25, '26, Captain '27,
Dramatic Club, Basketball '24, '25, '26,
'27, Hi-Y.

"What a happy world,
Were it not for work."

GRACE RICH (Gracie Pearl)

Basketball '25, '26, Captain '27,

"Pep, beauty and smiling face,
Put these together and you have
Grace."

RUTH MILLER (Ruthie)

Student in Music.

"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of ivory floor."

CURTIS JORDAN (Curtie)

Football '25, '26, '27, Basketball '26,
'27, Hi-Y.

"Always laughing, loyal and true,
We love Curtie, we do."

MAPEL DRIGGERS (Maybelle)

Dramatic Club.

"And she's a lady for A' that."

THELMA DOZIER (Dumps)

Girl Reserves, Declamation.

"Not for love and not for joy,
Will she look at any boy."

JOHN BATEMAN (Shiek John)

Dramatic Club, Hi-Y.

"An old bachelor, to be correct,
Girls on him have no effect."

WILLIE MAE REEVES (Modesta)

Girl Reserve.

"Slow to speak ill of anyone."

MADELINE McCOMB (Ponjola)

Social Committee of Senior Class, Assistant Librarian.

"It's the song ye sing and the smile
ye wear
That's making the sunshine every-
where."

LESBIA ESTELLE CRIDER (Prissy)

Girl Reserve, Debating Team.

"Don't think that Lesbia's so slow,
'Cause she had a date once you
KNOW."



Motto

"WORK OR GET OUT"

Colors

YELLOW AND WHITE

Flower

DAISY

A Senior's Farewell

(With apology to Josephine Frantz)

Farewell, ye school of Handley High,
Farewell it has to be,
And sadly do our hearts so cry
Though they are full of glee.

Dear school, we wish to dedicate
This day of joy to you,
We wish that we could graduate
Without our leaving you.

Praises linger near our heart
For you, old pal, so dear,
From ones we often have to part
We fain would linger near.

So when the sun is sinking,
And the world is rich in hue,
We'll find ourselves a-thinking
Of the yesterdays and you.

Class History

History is defined a narration of facts and events arranged chronologically with their causes and effects. So perhaps the first event of any importance in the history of the Senior Class of 1927 was the dawning of 1917. One bright Autumn morning our mothers called us from our peaceful slumber to awaken us to one of the greatest hours of our life. That of starting to school. That was the day of our days. Our curls and pleats, those were the days of long hair, were their fluffiest and slickest, and our dresses spotless. For once the boys stood through the terrible ordeal of having their necks, faces and ears washed without flinching. Words of the English language cannot express our feeling of importance.

Poor children, how we did tremble with fear when we got the slightest glimpse of our pilot, but Mr. Carter, that was only our timidity, and you did have a stern appearance then.

It seems that the members of our class were scattered over many parts of the ocean and by stops to let off people and take them on we were assembled on the seventh deck—or in other words the 7th grade. Why, it was unbelievable, such an advancement since the first grade. Mrs. Fowler, strict and commanding, was our principal and teacher. This was the most eventful year of our Grammar School days!

One of the greatest events was the completion of the High School. As we had been tossed about on the Grammar days school sea, we imagined that on reaching the High School Port everything would be smoother and easier. But in the Spring when school was dismissed we found ourselves ready to enter the portals of High School. We found that we had been led into a land of mysteries with things new and dazzling. We again found ourselves combatants of study.

With Mrs. Beckman's aid we walked straight over Latin without mounting a pony. Mr. Henry, or Helpful Henry, as he called himself, was really helpful in algebra. Those a-b, a's, c's, and b's were foreign to us but we managed to master them. Miss Isham took us through the age of Tutankamen, the pyramids and ancient Egypt. Speaking of mysterious things, Mr. Eads taught us Physical Geography, and Physiology, two puzzling things. Last, but not least, came English. Themes, themes, Mrs. Hampton and her themes, such work we had never done before. But pausing a minute you would like to know some of these great characters of whom I've been speaking and whose names we hope will go down in "Who's Who in America."

In our class we had John Bateman, our class mathematician; Wilton Taylor, our scientist; Paul Kemp, the boy who studied all night ONCE. Hope Duncan, the quiet, modest girl who knew geometry; Frances Routh, a timid little girl; Grace Rich, our basketball star; Willie Mae Reeves, the most talkative girl in school; Bill Howell, now a Senior at Central High; Maceline McComb, the little black headed lassie; Curtis Jordan, the friend of all; Nevie Lee Crider, a graduate of 1926; Viola Morales, now living in California; Louise Davidson, hailing from Fort Worth, with all her arts unknown before; Edith Kemp, who is always laughing when she is not at work; Bernice Baker, one we lost track of; Flora Hoskins, the class belle; Pauline Godfrey, now living in Copel, Texas; Charles Giegling, a graduate of 1926; Scranton Thomas, the curly-haired lad, and his freckled companion, Parker Hitt; David Ralston, now working; William George, living in Dallas; Hazel Reynolds, now a Junior basketball star; L. G. Welsh, also working; Coston Gregory, the saxophonist; and last but not least, Othel Hirt, a Senior in Central High.

Now that we are Seniors, having inherited all the possessions of the past classes, the room, the chapel seats, and the books once used by them, we feel quite important and proud of ourselves.

Class Prophecy

I have with me a letter from Madeline McComb to Ruth Miller. It is dated June 6, 1942, and sent from Cognac, France. It reads

Dearest Ruth:

I want to extend my heartiest congratulations to you for completing your splendid missionary work in Africa.

It has been several months since I last wrote you, and since that time I have moved to this little village. It is small, but one of the beauty spots of France. All of the tourists come here to see our beautiful vineyards and taste our wine.

Grace Rich was here about three weeks ago. She is a seamstress, and came over for a peep at the Parisian styles. Grace was quite shocked to find the women wearing silk overalls and five-inch heels. The men are dressing very sensibly now; they wear sleeveless jackets and skirts to their knees. A very clever and comfortable costume I think. They wear ruffled hose, and John Bateman is living in Brussels, where he manufactures them. He has the cleverest advertisement: on one side of the box is a picture of the Senior class of 1927, and opposite this he has a picture of a graduating class of 1940—the contrast is quite interesting and amusing.

Do you ever see any of the old class any more? We had a delightful reunion at Senator Routt's home in Washington last year; you and John Brannon were the only absent ones.

John was in the hospital at the time. He had talked so much, that his jaw was dislocated, and they found that his dentist had given him a set of women's false teeth.

Lesbia was at the reunion with her four children. They are all robust, strapping youngsters; so cute!

Elizabeth Rice is teaching music in an orphans home. She enjoys the work and can be near some of her old friends, Thelma Dozier and Willie Mae Reeves, who are both nurses in the home.

Jessie Bartlett teaches Shorthand in University of Chicago now. She had been teaching there two years when she married one of her pupils, but the marriage was an unhappy one, so she took up the profession of teaching again.

I saw Mr. Carter about six months ago while I was in Amarillo. He was a little grayer than when we knew him, but he is still a wonderful man and adores his granddaughter. I am really afraid that he will be the ruination of the little flapper though, because he spoils her terribly.

Edith Kemp is in the hospital in Paris. Her plane fell into a clump of trees, and she was hurt rather badly. Louise Davidson is a dietitian in the hospital there and Coston Gregory is head physician.

It seems that everyone who graduated in the '27 class is quite well in their professions.

Flora Hoskyns, who is now Mrs. Mitchell, came with E. J. to see Edith while I was there. They have an aeroplane agency in London and as an award for his great number of sales, they were given a trip to Cuba with all of their expenses paid.

Mabel Driggers is married and living in Canada. She was a stenographer for five years and everyone thought she would surely remain a spinster but she married her employer, Paul Kemp, and is now very happy.

My news is dwindling and I must hurry; my husband and I are going to the ball game this afternoon—Curtis Jordan is pitching for the team.

Your friend,

MADILENE.

Valedictory

LIFE AND I

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task whatever the odds,
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work only your hands can avail,
And so if you falter, a sord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do.
So your work is awaiting, it has waited through ages for you,
And now you appear, and the Hushed Ones are turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

Truly, I believe Mr. Markham meant this beautiful poem for boys and girls, for we who are making our beginning, our "Commencement" in life with our task hardly started. Some years ago, we made our appearance to take up that task, and now we are ready to complete it. As we are finishing it, the eyes of the world are focused on us, watching closely and critically every move we make; sometimes praising or criticizing, justly and unjustly. They are watching and waiting patiently to see what kind of threads we weave into our masterpiece, Life.

Youth is only beginning on life's loom, not knowing what the future holds; there may be presidents, governors, great artists, ministers, leaders in all walks of life among the members of the Senior Class.

Two little seeds awoke one day
As all seeds will do in the month of May.
But, lo, and behold, they had clear forgot
If they were carrots, beets or what!
At length they decide that they must needs
Call a council of sixteen seeds.
Some said onions or beets, but no.
Others said it couldn't be so:
Some said turnips or celery seeds,
Then a sunflower spoke,
"It may be slow, but the way to find out is
just to grow."

We can only keep on growing, waiting for the time until we make our bow before the world. We have to strive to face daily the tests which come at home, at school, at play, to be a friend to all, to give the best of self in everything, to be gracious, impartial, to be eager for knowledge of the beautiful and worthwhile in life and in living. Keats says,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever; Its loveliness increases, it will never pass into nothingness."

Tonight we are grateful to our parents and teachers who have encouraged us to find the beautiful things and to seek ever and ever higher ideals, and that life abundant. To you, dear parents, teachers and friends, we extend to you our appreciation and thanks in a long farewell.

To the Board of Trustees who have made it possible for us to enjoy so many advantages, throughout the seemingly long years, but really short years, we wish to express our gratitude.

To the school, we love you not for what you are but what we are when we are with you. We love you not, for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of us. We love you for the part of us that you bring out. We love you for putting your hand into our heaped up hearts, and passing over all the foolish, drawing out into the light all the beautiful radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.

We love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool and the weakling in us and laying firm hold on the possibilities of the God in us and for adding to our hearts' music by worshipful listenings.

We love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make us good and more than any fate could have done to make us happy. You have done it without a touch, just by being yourself.

ELIZABETH RICE, Valedictorian.

Salutatory

As a representative of the class of 1927, I greet you! Your presence here is but evidence of your continued interest in us, of which we have been conscious and appreciative through the four years of our high school life.

To the Members of the School Board, we wish to express our thanks for your untiring efforts to secure the very best of everything that would be for our future good in teaching staff, equipment, and general surroundings. It has been a great and wholly unselfish service for which we are grateful.

To our beloved superintendent and teachers, who, by precept and example, have given us ideals which will shape our lives through the years to come, and who, by their instruction have given us the foundation for college and the years thereafter, we have a heart full of love and gratitude. The realization that this pleasant relation of teacher and pupil must come to an end causes a tightening in our throats, a sadness in our hearts, a deep regret that in the future we shall have to carry on without their valued counsel.

To our friends, our fellow students of the Handley High, to the citizens of Handley, we wish to express our appreciation. You, too, have stood by us and helped us to succeed. Whether it was an ad we wanted for the Skyrocket, or some other kind of favor, we have known we could depend on you, our friends.

And last, because they are the most important of all, we take this occasion for public greeting to our parents. We know that you, more than anyone else in the world, are sharing with us the joys of this hour. We feel that you are proud of us, but we are equally as proud of you; proud of your generosity to us when it has cost you dearly, proud of your faith in us when others may have doubted, proud of your determination to give us a better chance than you had.

Because of your faith in us, friends, teachers, and parents, the class of 1927 has no greater wish than to live up to your hopes for it, the fulfillment of your dreams for it.

LOUISE DAVIDSON, Salutatorian.

Juniors

THETA BUSSEY (Senorita)



PALMA DUKE (Jealene)

FLORENCE CADAWALLDER (Doodles)

EUGENE ANDERSON (Board Back)

CHARLES HITT (Count)

VICTOR JOHNSON (Kid Vic)

ELLA JANE CRAIG (Baby)

CHARLIE WALDEN (Flash)

GRACE KIKER (Kike)

STELLA BATES (Phill)



RAYMOND MALONE (Nigg)

KATHLYN WOOLVERTON (Trats)

MAXINE MAHAN (Mac)

MARGARET WELLS

GEORGE MALAISE (Lallie)

MARGARET SHAHAN (Anne)

HAZEL REYNOLDS (Patt)

NELLIE STANLEE (Nell)

CLIFFORD ROUTT (Lep)

HELEN WEILER (Cutie)

FRANCES RUTH (Frank)

AUBREY McGEE (Coach)

RUTH BRANNON (Eabe)

KATHLYEEN HUBBARD (Sug)

SCRANTON THOMAS (Midnight)

CLARA MURRAY

GERTRUDE ROSSER (Gertie)

LOUISE LIST (Dittie)

EATOLD SPEIGHT (Shamper)

RICHARD RAGLAND (Dick)

CLATIE METCALF (Peggie)



Officers

PRESIDENT	GRACE KIKER
VICE-PRESIDENT	RUTH BRANNON
SECRETARY	KATHLEEN WOOLVERTON
SPOKESMAN	WALTER MORINE

Motto

"FORWARD EVER;
BACKWARD NEVER!"

Colors

RED AND WHITE

Flower

SWEET PEA

Song

"ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

MR. CARTER'S GEOMETRY CLASS
OR
IN THE USUAL WAY

I.

There was once a Geometry class, whose teacher was Mr. C. K. Stark.

One day he said: "There are too many of you. The dumber ones will leave the room."

And it chanced Mr. Carter was walking out that day, and we met—In the usual way.

II.

Then the clouds came out above us, and we gave a little sigh.
As we watched the other pupils passing by. We must say good-bye we whispered—whispered. Mr. Carter "you'll stay, I'll teach you—in the usual way.

III.

And he sat down beside us and an hour or two went by.
But still upon our desks our Geometry books did lie. "We thought" we shyly whispered, "you'd be teaching us all the day and he was—in the usual way.

IV.

And day by day in the Math room we talked to and fro and day by day—we learned some Geometry—rather slow. Till this little story will end as such little stories may very much—in the usual way.

V.

And now that we have a good teacher—
Do we always study hard?
Do we never fret and quarrel like other pupils do?
Does he love us as he teaches us?
Do we honor and obey?
Well, we do—in the usual way.

Our Social Diary

Oct. 15—Mr. and Mrs. Otis Thomas entertain in honor of Miss Vera Hargrove.
Oct. 22—Miss Louise Davidson entertained Seniors at her home.
Oct. 30—P. T. A. Carnival and Hallowe'en Party in Gymnasium.
Nov. 19—Mrs. Carter entertained with a delightful bridge party.
December 4—Gertrude Rosser gives slumber party.
December—Louise Davidson entertained at her home.
Jan. 7—Misses Newman and Bickle honor Mrs. Tip A. Horsley with shower.
Feb. 3—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Irby entertained the Seniors and Juniors at their home.
March 2—Girl Reserve Sunrise Breakfast.
March 9—Mrs. Limons entertained the Dramatic Club with a delightful Little Theatre party.
April—Seniors had theatre party.
April 22—Girl Reserve Mother and daughter Banquet, Texas Hotel.
April 29—May Fete given by Grammar School pupils.
May—Recognition Ceremony of Girl Reserves, Baptist Church.
May 13—Senior Banquet, John Brannon, Toastmaster.
May 18—Freshman Weiner Roast at Lake Erie.
June 6—Lawn party for Seniors, Juniors, their parents and friends at Louise Davidson's home.

High Sophomores



Dewitt Marshal	Thomas McCraney
Ray Fleetwood	Ethel Jobe
Horace Wilson	Ruth Webb
Florence Gillespie	Beulah McCraney
Eustace Fletcher	Dorothy Smith
Willie E. Jones	Ora Mae Blair
Herman Blackburn	Beatrice Smith
	Gertrude Butcher
	Bonnie Hudgens
	Thelma Creswell
	Reba Mitchell
	Clara Murray
	Mary Walling
	Margaret Wells
	Elizabeth Wooldridge
	Elsie Graves

Miss Margaret Newman, Teacher

Low Sophomores



Jerry Beidler	Ruth Helen Higgins
Raymond Parr	Ruth Burton
Fred Kemp	Winona Pridgeon
Vernon Grady	Hattie Mae Driggers
Weldon Routt	Margaret McGee
Sherwood Hall	Margaret Parker
Helen Marie Stevens	Mildred Austin
Gladys Welch	Eessie Wells
Dorothy Caldwellader	Mary Belle Moncrief
Shirley Smart	Beverly Cox
Mr. C. K. Stark, Teacher	

High Freshmen



Harvey Fletcher	Corinne Fleetwood
Jessie Hoskins	Ivy Anne Harrison
Ralph Lewis	Merle Hart
Reginald Mahan	Elizabeth Honeycutt
Elwood McGee	Dorothy Mothershead
Jimmie Reeves	Christine Mims
Durayne Roper	Mary Alice Nichols
Lloyd Rippetta	Jewel Ruth Roberson
Lotus Smith	Reba Powell
Clarence White	Lucille Quisenberry
Susa Mae Beer	Helen Routt
Mary Sue Burt	Louise Thomason
Ova Lee Farmer	Edith Waters

Low Freshmen



Joe Chelf	Melva Beidler
William Eastman	Louise Daniels
J. C. Hawkins	Nelma Grady
Raymond Hoskins	Alice Mae Hendricks
Edward Ketchum	Beulah Kerrell
Wayne McGee	Lucile Miller
Walter Shelby	Fannie Wells
Marvin Hudgins	Ruth Young
Lloyd Scott	

Seventh Grade



The enrollment to date for our room has been thirty-eight pupils. Out of this fifteen boys and thirteen girls have remained faithful to the end.

Many things have transpired in this past year's work, some of which it might be well to forget, while others we will cherish through life. We have studied hard this past year, looking forward to our being ready to enter High School next term.

We were very sorry Ronda Winn had to leave for Colorado, and could not take part in the seventh grade Commencement Exercises.

Margaret Smart has led the class this entire year with Zelleta Roper just two points below her. Vernon Robertson, the only pupil who has been neither absent nor tardy.

Girl Reserves



OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	JESSIE BARTLETT
VICE-PRESIDENT	LOUISE DAVIDSON
SECRETARY	EDITH KEMP
TREASURER	ELIZABETH RICE

MEMBERS

Jessie Bartlett	Louise Davidson	Hattie Mae Driggers
Edith Kemp	Palma Duke	Kathleen Hubbard
Flora Hoskins	Mary Sue Buert	Alice Mae Hendricks
Ruth Brannon	Gertrude Rosser	Winona Pridgeon
Nellie Stanley	Jewell Ruth	Louise Thomason
Helen Weiler	Ruth Burton	Theta Bussey
Elizabeth Rice	Beaulah Kerrell	Elizabeth Woolridge
Ruth Helen	Susa Mae Beer	Shirley Smart
Louise List	Beatrice Smith	Grace Kiker
Merle Hart	Margaret McGee	Mary Walling
Ella Jane	Fannie Wells	Gladys Welch
Florence Cadawallader	Margaret Wells	Christine Mimms
Dorothy Cadawallader	Essie Wells	Maxine Mahan
Dorothy Smith	Lesbia Crider	Beverly Cox
Elsie Graves	Ora Mae Blair	Thelma Dosier
	Dorothy Mothershead	

Hi-Y's

PURPOSE

To create, maintain and extend throughout the community high standards of Christian character.

OFFICERS

JOHN BRANNON	PRESIDENT
CHARLIE WALDEN	VICE-PRESIDENT
VICTOR JOHNSON	SECRETARY-TREASURER
PAUL KEMP	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

Coston Gregory	John Bateman
Curtis Jordan	E. J. Mitchell
Lloyd Routt	Raymond Malone
Clifford Routt	Eugene Anderson
Robert Reynolds	Charles Hitt
Robert Andrews	Walter Morening
Horace Wilson	Harold Speight

Skyrocket Staff



JOHN BRANNON
Business Manager

LOUISE DAVIDSON
Editor

GERTRUDE ROSSER	ASS'T EDITOR
VICTOR JOHNSON	ADVERTISING
COSTON GREGORY	ADVERTISING
ELIZABETH RICE	SOCIETY REPORTER
EDITH KEMP	HUMOR
JOHN BATEMAN	SPORTS REPORTER
MARGARET SHAHAN	ADVERTISING
FLORA HOSKINS	TYPIST
RUTH MILLER	TYPIST

The debating teams this year consisted of Louise List and Lesbia Crider, who won second place in the District Meet, and Charlie Walden and John Brannon, who won second place in the County Meet.



BEATRICE SMITH

Beatrice Smith won first place in the District Meet and entered the State Contest of Declamation. Other contestants were: Winona Pridgeon, Thelma Dozier, Mary Belle Moncrief, Eustace Fletcher, Robert Andrews, and Margaret McGee.



CHARLIE WALDEN

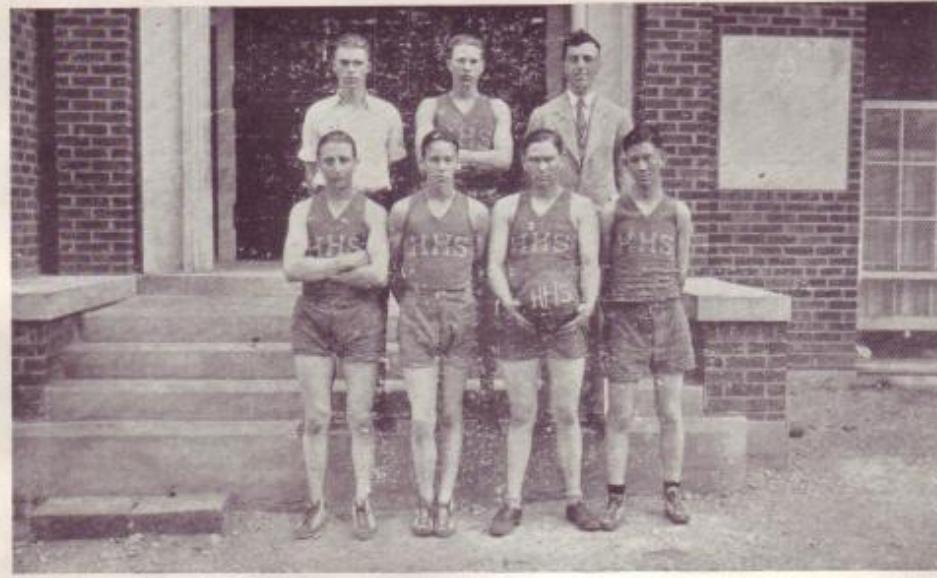


JOHN BRANNON

Football



Basketball



Basketball Girls



Early in September, in answer to a call made in chapel, there assembled in Miss Newman's room at 12:30, a group of girls who were very anxious to organize a basketball team to represent Handley Hi. There were two members left over from the old team, Grace Rich and Hazel Reynolds, but several had played on the second team. These, with two new girls who reported, were enough to insure the organization of a team. Grace Rich was chosen as captain. Winona Pridgeon, Willie Jones, Beverly Cox, Jewel Ruth Roberson were the girls who had played on second team the previous year and Grace Kiker from Poly, and Reba Mitchell from Wheeler, were the new girls. Mr. Carter and Miss Newman coached the team throughout the season.

After many hard and diligent hours of practice we were ready to play our league games. Our opponents in the Interscholastic League from Class A were: Arlington, Grapevine, Masonic Home and Mansfield. We also contested with a few of the schools not in Class A but Class B. These were Birdville and Everman.

We had practiced for three months when our coach asked if we wished to enter the A. A. U., which was to be held at Breckenridge. Of course, we all wished to go and began making preparation. About this time one of the old Handley stars, Evva Creswell reentered school and became one of us. We practiced morning, noon, and night under the instructions of our faithful coaches.

On March 16 we left Handley at 6 a. m. and started for Breckenridge. At four o'clock Thursday afternoon we met Ysleta, Spanish girls, with whom we played a close and interesting game, the score at the end being 31 to 30 in favor of Handley. As winners in this game we met Cisco the following evening at 8:00 p. m. This was also a tight game, but because one of our star players, Hazel Reynolds, sprained her ankle, we lost the game by 6 points; the score was 22 to 16.

Grace Rich and Evva Creswell are graduates. We shall miss them very much but their wonderful influence of fairness, enthusiasm, and loyalty will inspire us to work harder next year.

We are very, very sorry to say that Miss Newman, our most wonderful and beloved coach, who has worked with us so hard and so faithfully under all circumstances is leaving us to teach in Fort Worth. We feel we shall never find another whom we shall love as we do her.

Alumni

1921

Jack Shytes	T. C. U.
Eva Little	Mrs. Ashley Woolverton
Annie Beer	Stenographer
Ruth Hoover	

1922

Effie Wren	Mrs. Wm. Holloway
Allen Wren	
Bill Hart	
Ouida Carter	Mrs. Pat Hitt
Ethel Routt	Mrs. Paul Miller
Robert Rennick	
Norma Kitchen	
Annette Ralston	
Herman Willie	
Love Cox	
Maxine Woolverton	Music Teacher
Mammie Cashion	
Gertrude Ellis	

1923

Evelyn Goodman	
Edward Hart	
Isaac Hart	
Howard Hitt	
Hugh McCormick	
Crews Rosser	
Herman Willie	
Jessie Beer	
McNnie Deer	
Velma Duke	
Bertha Mae Goldsmith	
Margaret Irby	
Edna McCormick	
Vivian Joyce	
Thelma Moring	
Nona Stanley	
Isabel Teddie	

1924

Winnie Roberson	T. C. U.
Louise Thomas	Mrs. Allen Wren
Carrey Hiett	Baylor University
Tom Brown	California
Opal Ragland	T. C. U.
Lollie Conons	Renfro Drug Co.
James Weiler	County
Wayland Deer	Baylor University
Merlin Hastings	Clarence Rollins
Clarence Rollins	Gulf Refining Co.
Gladys Davis	Montgomery-Ward
Nola Heath	Mrs. Harold Thomas
Hurd Wren	University of Texas
Lucile Lewis	
Kelly Chambers	J. L. Bray
Elizabeth Rosser	T. C. U.
Susie Blue	Mrs. Wesley Scott

Glenyth Duke	Tate Springs
Mary Christenson	
Eva Creswell	
Louise Malaise	
Charlotte Thomas	
Mabel Huffaker	
Emma Slaughter	
Mary Carrington	

1925

Eunice Hiett	
Clifford Bone	
Albert Hubbard	U. of California
Lynn Clarke	Rice
Charles Hilburn	T. C. U.
Clinton Lagow	Dental College
Arthur Murray	Marine
Delbert Pyett	A. & M.
Oscar Sloan	Bank
Howard Redding	Gruobs
Miles Clarke	R.ee
Gynevra Adams	Grubbs
Louise Allen	Teaching
Theima Andrews	Mrs. Thos. Condon
Madeline Craig	
Melanae Delholm	Dancing Teacher
Thelma Hayes	
Isabel Kitchen	Mrs. Bennett
Dorothy Lewis	
Ray McKeehan	Nurse
Lora Mae Meeler	
	Teacher in Oklahoma
Pauline Ralston	Comptometer School
Clyde Roberson	T. C. U.
Nellie Mae Stacks	Seamstress
Katherine Thomas	
Katherine Weiler	
	Weiler Insurance Agency
Norma Porter	

1926

John Blair	Grubbs
Alvis Duke	Grubbs
Charles Giegling	Grubbs
Murry Hart	T. C. U.
Lawrence Malaise	Grubbs
Calvin Rose	Wichita Falls
Arthur Smith	T. C. U.
Jimmie Blue	Internat'l. Oil Supply
Aaron Logan	Pharmacy
Theron Porter	Baylor, Preacher
Cecil Goodman	
Harold Teddie	Wichita Falls
Willie Mae Cashion	Grubbs
Nevie Lee Crieder	Fishburn's
Bertha Conn	Fishburn's
Leta Carnish	

Teachers' Reports

MRS. CARTER'S REPORT

Thursday morning, Sept. 8, 1926, at 9 o'clock, the third grade room at the West Side was fairly abuzz. The coming together of old friends, meeting new ones and enrolling for school was indeed a joyous occasion. The following answered roll call: Frank Applegate, Bill Evans, Cecil Hudgins, Lee McLendon, Francis Parker, Olbin Baker, B. C. Ballew, W. G. Davis, C. L. Gillis, H. W. Greene, George Davis, A. T. Grimes, Howard Morton, C. Y. Murff, S. A. Speight, Earl Watson, Hershal Young, Katherine Cadwallader, Hazel Jobe, Juanita Ketchum, Alma Dell Smith, Anna Beile Smith, Evelyn Brown, Mary Evelyn Cashion, Loretha Elliott, Sara Margaret Franklinfield, Marilee Hollers, Opal Ketchum, Margaret Rosser, Norma Slaughter, Martha Thomason, Treva Mae Thomas, June Wells, Mildred White, and Evelyn Moore.

Before the month had ended, Hayden Eaton from Fort Worth, and Mildred Estes from Arlington, enrolled.

The pupils took such an interest in the new work. Their first month's grades were excellent. October was a merry month. The work was splendid and this month was marked on our calendar with a big star and cross—the reason why we were given \$19.00 worth of books by the P. T. A. We haven't ceased yet in our thanks. This month we had two new pupils, L. D. Mitchell from Wheeler and Margie Gill from Mansfield.

November is always a joyous month and this one was especially joyous. We were working hard, our room was prettily decorated and severals of the children gave parties. Our work didn't even decrease during that "ever longed for" month, December. When we came together after the holidays, all were present, but no new faces. At mid-term every child was promoted, some received double promotion. At the end of the month another glad surprise awaited us. We were given a picture by the P. T. A. for having the most mothers present for four months. We were duly grateful for this lovely picture.

Those who have enrolled during the last term: Mildred and Voss Morrison from Kirkland, Marguerite Blouin of Houston, Iina Rider of Dallas, and Casie Tucker from Vivian. The work for the last term has been very, very interesting and the pupils have done splendid work, even though they've been bothered with chicken pox and measles. Only two pupils of those who continued until the close of school, failed to be promoted.

The children are both glad and sad that school is ending. They've worked hard. The days are warm and they're tired, too. They love each other, and will miss the happy association together. Also they do enjoy learning new things each day. All are expecting a happy vacation and looking happily forward to the next school year.

MRS. ISENMAN'S REPORT

The last report of the year 1926-'27, nine months—busy, interesting and never-to-be forgotten months of our lives have passed by so rapidly we can scarcely realize the fact. During the term we have enrolled 48 pupils, and now have 42 in regular attendance.

In low first we have enrolled the following: Larue Baker, Wanda Caldwell, Marie Chambers, Doris Gibbs, Anna Beile McComb, Ruthell Miers, Helen Richardson, Mary Janice Tucker, Dorothy Wilkerson, Pauline Brooks, Rosa Cook, Lomet Cook, Mildred Eaton, Ruby Tucker, Wesley Bernard, Le Roy Harris, Reece Hudgens, Horace Raiston and Billie Barnes.

In the high first—Margaret Evans, Janie Margaret Grady, Jatty Jo Mann, Wayne Lowery, Jack Mothershed, Ralph Reynolds, Bahnert Grimes, Ralph Gibbs, Franklin Hardesty, Clarence Miller, and W. H. Adams.

In the low second—Pauline Creswell, Peggy Jane Hart, Carrie Lee Hill, Maryaret Redding, Mary Frances Roberson, Etola Roper, Geraldine Rosser, Dorothy Ulmer, Anita Wood, Georgia Rider, Roy Boyd, Jacob Farrell, James Lowery, George Miers, Clayton Newman, Nelson Powell, Cécil Rich and Harold Thomas.

All have done good work, and have taken a lively interest. At mid-term regular promotions were given to all, and special promotion to seven. Instead of high second

as the rest of their grade the following were promoted to low third: Mary Frances Roberson, Peggy Jane Hart, Dorothy Uimer, Geraldine Rosser, Carrie Lee Hill, Jacob Farrell, and Roy Boyd.

All will be promoted except 3 or 4 who entered too late in the term to make up work.

Several interesting events have occurred this year. Among others may be mentioned the purchase of library books for our room by the P. T. A. Another was the School Fair which brought scores of visitors to our room and other parts of the building. And still another was Parents' Visiting Day at which time we had the greatest number of visitors and received the picture given by Mrs. I. B. Howell, president of our P. T. A.

We have enjoyed the term immensely and have worked together beautifully. And we thank the parents so much for their co-operation and the genuine interest shown throughout the year. Now we are hoping each will thoroughly enjoy the vacation and come back next September ready for another busy year.

SIXTH GRADE

On September 8th, 1926, thirty-seven pupils registered in the low sixth grade. We were first located in Mr. Kearby's room, but due to crowded conditions we were moved to the room we occupied last year. This room was made more comfortable and workable by the addition of a gas stove. By mid-term our number was reduced to twenty-four; some having moved away, others dropping out.

We are very proud of our parents' record at Parent-Teacher meeting. We have won both pictures offered by that organization for the most number of parents present at each consecutive meeting.

Our room contributed two entrants to the Interscholastic League Meet. They were Paul Kiker and Tom Malaise. Tom won one first place and two third places.

The work this year has been very interesting. The secret of our existance has been revealed in our study of physiology. We really believe we can understand the doctor's terms when he tells us we have too many hermaphorditic futilties in the cerebral hemi-spheres.

Aside from the stupendous study of English, Arithmetic, and History we have made educational tours of the continents of South America, Europe, and Asia. The results of our trip were shown in the physical and political maps of Europe and Asia which were shown in the physical and political maps of Europe and Asia which were displayed at the school fair.

During the year there has been competition between the boys and girls as to who could make the best grades. Carl Marshall has averaged the highest grades for the boys and Walter Walker second. Reba Waters averaged highest among the girls, Faye Joyner being second. The highest average in the room was made by Reba Waters, Carl Marshall coming second.

Though our sixth grade days are over we are not looking backward on the good times we have had; nor are we recalling the hard work we have done. We are unitedly looking forward to our seventh grade year. It is our solid aim to be the best equipped class that has ever entered high school. Watch for us next year—"The Seventh Grade of 1927-'28."

LOW FIFTH AND LOW SIXTH ROOM

As we come to the close of our year's work, we are all happy in the knowledge that the year has been very satisfactory. Our paths lead in different directions but we shall never erase the memory of the dear friendships that have been formed, in our work together, these two years. Never shall we forget the baseball games, the track meet, the May fete, and last but most important of all, the work that has been done in the classroom. The pupils have all cooperated with a willingness, an interest that could never be equalled by anyone. As we are separated may we wish for each other, that this spirit will never die.

In all school activities, we have been well represented. In the county track meet at Arlington, three of the sixth grade boys were entered. Blue ribbons were won by Grover Shifflett and Tom Wright, while Vernon Routt placed in some events. In the May fete, dukes and duchesses from the two grades were, Mary Frances Robinson,

THE
YEARBOOK
OF THE
HANDELY SCHOOL

Naomi Evans, Sara Lynn Harris, Zedoch Pridgeon, Randall Smith, Rex Parker and Frank Smith. Others taking part in the program were: Maydell Shahan, Lotrelle Hoskins, Dorothy Shahan and Anna Ruth Woods.

During the year quite a bit of interest has been taken in grade averages. Harry Routt has succeeded in winning the honors in the low sixth, making the highest average among the boys, while Dorothy Shahan holds that honor for the girls. The highest average in the low fifth was made by Bessie Lou Russell.

Sixty-seven have been enrolled during the year, forty-nine of whom are still with us, the others moving into other towns. If this class should happen to stay together the graduating class of the year 1932, of Handley school will be one to be proud of indeed.

We are happy these last few days, and yet one can feel a sadness, though not a soul would admit it, floating through the atmosphere. A sadness in the fact that, as a group, we shall never be together again, yet a happiness in the fact that we have pleasant memories to take with us through the years. May the friendships formed never be broken and may the lessons learned, not only in books, but in our life together, never be forgotten. We each want to say to the other and sincerely hope that each remembers it; that is just to "keep on keeping on."

Naomi Johnson.

FIRST GRADE REPORT

After spending a very enjoyable vacation last summer, thirty-five happy, bright-faced boys and girls gathered together in the first grade room at East Side School. Some have moved away to other places during the year, but others have come in. The total enrollment for the year reached fifty-four. The following children enrolled in this room:

Third grade—Morris Bates, Winston Routt, Ruby Conn, Katie Routt, Harold Malone, Tena Powell, Olen Odom, Billie Pool, Sam Adams, Guthrie Hudson, Edelene Gillespie, Margaret Henderson, Mary Elizabeth List, H. A. Brown and Gordon Hearn.

Second grade—Ben Merritt, Opal Cole, Eugene McLeroy, Walter Kemp, Arvel Swackhamer, Doris Nell Marshall, Hortense Parsley, J. W. Evans, Lois Tool, Geraldine Littlepage, Alline Crouch, Jewel Isham, and Jack Parker.

First grade—Guinn Anthony, Grover Bates, Eddie Burns, John Malaise, Billie McGee, Mark Taylor, J. W. Wooldridge, Aubrey Woods, Reece Hudgens, B. C. Roberson, Elaine Byrd, Merle Campbell, Fay Edwards, Mary Elizabeth Reno, Lucille Quillan, Gene Follmer, Rosa Cook, Lometa Cook, Dorothy Henderson, Dorothy Wilkerson, Juanita Dykes, Maude Adkison, Harry Perkins, Burnell Woods, and D. C. Hearn.

We have spent a very happy year together, for we have done some real work. This consisted of our regular school work, as well as planning and preparing for the School Fair and the May program, which were to help entertain others as well as ourselves.

HIGH THIRD AND LOW FOURTH REPORT

We have come to the close of another school year, and, as the days get warmer, we look forward to the summer vacation. We have accomplished a lot this year. Most of us have made our work; we worked up an exhibit for the School Fair; and, we took part in the May Festival which, of course, took a lot of our time, but meant much to us.

Those who are enrolled in our room at present are: William Chelf, Robert Harris, Frederick Isenman, J. L. Marshal, George Davis, Sherrell Metcalf, Glenn Isham, Helen Ruth Butcher, Mary Jane Kemp, Virginia McCarney, Harvey Lee McEwen, Martha Jean McGee, Oma Lee Taylor, and Omega Hill of the third grade, and Charles Barnes, Joseph Kunze, A. J. Fletcher, Alfred Webb, Candie Follmar, Louise Cook, Walter Higgins, Lester Jones, Charles Murray, Frances Hudson, June Benson, Roberta Willingham, Loree Ivens, Lorene Evans, Hazel Greene, Betholene and Appie Malaise, Helen Ruth Morrison, June Porter and Annie Lee Redding of the high fourth grade.

As we say, "Goodbye," we wish for everyone a joyful summer, and may they all be back with smiling faces at the beginning of next term.

HIGH SECOND AND LOW FOURTH REPORT

As our school term draws to a close we regret to say goodbye but we are happy that vacation days are here. We have worked faithfully and are looking forward to the receiving of our report cards.

Our enrollment has reached forty-seven. Those remaining until the close of school are: Earl Cole, Fred Parseley, Robert Crouch, Mildred Burton, Cynthia Routh, Sue Edwards, Oleta Stopp, May Pearl Robertson, Maxine Tolmas, Jack Routh, Odell Cook, D. W. Hart, Ruth Lancaster, Paul Burton, John Buchanan, Carr Winn, Don Arnold, James Leatherman, Francis Hart, Bill Mechan, Doris Robertson, Leon Evans, Junior Waddell, Charles Hoskins, Woodrow Kiker, Virginia Higgins, Roy Isham, Marjorie Parks, Elmer Webb, Katherine Russell, John G. Armstrong, Annie La Rigby, Joe Stoutt, and Svalene Harris.

We wish for every one a jolly good time this summer.—High Second and low fourth. We wish for every one a jolly good time this summer. High second and low fourth.

REPORT OF MR. KEARBY'S ROOM

Now that school is almost out, this being the last week, we are all very busy finishing arithmetic and History note-books, for each of us expect to pass our work and take up the "big battle" that the Hi 7th is giving up. Others of us are striving with "measures," trying to determine the number of ozs. in a ton, or the seconds in a year, perhaps even, the number of grains of corn in a feed bin. The other day Mr. Kirby asked us to determine the time required for Robert to drink a barrel of soda pop. Robert didn't know how to work the problem so he just tried it—and almost "burst himself"—especially when he started to run home to his mama because his stomach hurt.

Our teachers have sure made us work, but they say it's good for us—maybe it is? ? ? ? Nevertheless we have tried it and it works out pretty nicely, especially at the end of the month when dad gives us a dime for every 90 we make. That's what puts the "joy in living."

The other day someone asked Atha what matches were made with, and she, with a very beknowing look, said, "With wood and phosphorus." Billie dryly intruded with this, "They're not either, they are made with love." I guess it's true we usually say what's on our mind—four girls were around Atha, but Alton was sitting in front of Billie.

Now we must get serious again. We want to say good bye to our teachers who are leaving this year. We have enjoyed our work with you, and do, really appreciate your efforts in trying to teach us how to be nice boys and girls, as well as the things in our books. So we close with this farewell: "Good bye and God bless you." (And may His richest blessings be shed into your sweet little lives, my little children, and may He keep you ever in the shadow of His wings.—Your teacher, "Dr." K.)

THE KINDERGARTEN

The name Kindergarten means—a child garden. The years between the ages of four and six are the most impressionable years and as an economic measure they should be utilized for the child's educational advantage. The kindergarten surrounds the child at the most impressionable age, with an environment of joyful activity, definite purpose and sympathetic cooperation by which the innate good is developed by right culture, true understanding and the promotion of natural growth, physical, mental and spiritual in three-fold power.

Let your child's first school year be spent in a kindergarten, in justice to both child and teacher, because the kindergarten is the strongest foundation that can be provided for his later school experience. One or two years of thoughtful study, kindly guidance and purposeful development in kindergarten before the child enters upon the complexities of academic study are one or two years saved at the further end of his school life, and the result will prove the wisdom of the right beginning in every case.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

By J. G. KEARBY

Boys and girls, parents and friends: It becomes my good pleasure this morning to say to this class, I love you; and I place behind those three words the daily, personal contact (with its joys and trials) with its members for the past eighteen months. It has been good to be with you; to work for you and with you, in the class room and out, seeing you bravely meet the obstacles that lay in your way, and overcome them by that persistence and determination which results in true success. I have seen but few classes, as a whole, work so willingly, earnestly, and loyally for their teachers as have you.

Realizing the value of knowledge as you do, I believe it is your ambition to avail yourself of every educational advantage possible. Knowing your mental capacities as I do, I doubt not, but am quite sure that each of you will be in pursuit of advanced learning in this, or some other high school, next September; for today, a high school education is almost a prerequisite of success, and I believe that even more will be required when you are grown.

Mothers and fathers, it occurs to me that there is nothing so devitalizing to these boys and girls as noninterest on your part; nor yet is anything so helpful, so persuasive as a word of assurance or encouragement from your own lips. Tell them you love them, tell them you are interested in them, that your hopes are tied up in their little lives (for they should be), and that you want them to live and act and work their best for you. Then, in turn, get busy yourself, live up to standard seven days every week, and they won't disappoint you. It is my prayer that you, as parent or guardian of these dear boys and girls, will soon be brought to the full realization of the beauty and gravity of the responsibility of your position.

It is indeed a privilege and an esteemed honor this morning to present to you, boys and girls, these diplomas which signify your graduation from the seventh grade, into high school. I trust that these diplomas will be but the fore-runner and constant reminder of the one you are to receive at your graduation from high school.

MY SISTER AND I

My sister and companion
From childhood until now!
What shall I do when you are gone
And I am all alone?
My sister Pal!

When we were young and gay,
We often jumped and ran
Over meadow and vale,
With buckets and spades in our
hands.

My sister and I.
To our dolls we could go,
Or at least mother thought so.
But to the creek banks we went
And down them we would slide
My sister and I.
Then we ran carefully back home
For our frocks were dirty and torn
From much wear over stones and
thorns
From the clay banks slides we took.
Sister and I.

And to the orchard we would go
Feeling as if we went for gold
So they were—a treasure
Those apples and peaches so mellow
To my sister and I.
On rainy days we went to the attic
To examine the family static,
And to play with our dolls,
Whom we made walk and talk
My sister and I.

Then later to school we would go,
And our secrets were never told.
Over books we often puzzled,
And sometimes got into serious
troubles
My sister and I.

Now, dear sister, time is passing,
And you have finished school
My school days are continuing
Though separated we are together
My sister and I.

LESBIA E. CRIDER.

FACING 'LIFE'

Face the day and all it brings
Knowing that its tasks must end
Waste no time in murmurings
Brave what'er the God may send.

Whether skies be blue or grey,
Whether fortune smiles or frowns,
Bear your burdens best you may,
Till the time to put them down.

Look at life with open eyes,
Whether praise or blame be won
With the morning man must rise
Still to task which must be done.

Be not dazzled or deceived,
Song the way to reach the Grail,
What was yesterday achieved
Will be lost if now you fail.
Greater will your courage gleam
If from failure of the past
To the goal of which you dream
You shall force your way at last.

Steadfastly from day to day
Cling to what you know is best
With a brave heart walk the way
Standing up to every test.

JESSIE BARTLETT.

WHY NOT STOP AND GIVE UP?

What's the use of going on
When life seems dark and gray.
Why not stop and give up
Do not wait another day.

When there is no silver lining
Not even a star in the sky.
Why not stop and give up
And go off somewhere and die.

When some one brightly speaks to
you
And you answer in a gloomy way.
Then it's time to stop and give us
For there's no use for your kind to-
day.

If you are going to be a knocker
And see no joy and light.
Why not stop and give up
Or get out of our sight.

When you never see the beauty
Of a bright sunshiny day.
Why not stop and give up
Or go off somewhere and stay.

Never be a knocker
Always have love and faith,
And when you meet your Maker
It'll be with a loving grace.

C. J.

TO A MOUSE

'Twas on many a cold December day,
When work was work and to work was play.
The steed of a long, rough coulter
Would I attach and start to foulder
The "Yea" and "Haw" from morn till night
In the beautiful flowers the plough would fight
To put the fields in sods of mess
To keep His Creator in healthfulness.

Till one day on the shares did I peek,
And saw dangling the form of a sleek
With unhappiness and sorrow to haunt,
In the beasties curious wont.
"Oh, be not saddened with your loss,
For I am of this field, the boss."

To they little resting I will build
A noble castle and with chaff I'll fill
With foliage of yesterday's bloom,
And pad the walls of every room.
And in the refuge I will law
You, creature out of the cold frosty day.

Mousie, since you do not understand
The properties and duties of man
For all this, I replace the sad of your dominion
And design the setting in my own opinion
But when you are well and attempt to stray
And your own cottage should move away
And misfortune accompanies you with loss,
Come back to the field where I am boss.

It matters not to you
How far past the goal you'll strew,
Victory's seed of compensation,
Both in Idleness and in Occupation.

And when you're asked "why don't you try?"
Oh I don't care, just so I get by,
Say, what's the use of working so much,
When I get by for doing such.

Listen, life isn't lived but by one
And you had better cut out some of the fun
And get down to business right,
Though it takes a little grit to fight.

And when life and its trials are over,
And you at God's throne will bower,
To listen while the golden bells ring
You'll think of the friend on
Earth who lured you from worldly things.

Grant Lauderdale.

"MAY FETE"

The Coronation of Queen Ronda of the House of Winn was one of the most colorful and attractive festivals ever presented by the children of the Grammar School.

The snow white throne was set in an embankment of Dorothy Perkins roses and evergreens. As the curtains were drawn back, King W. T. of the House of Crouch, seated on the throne in his royal attire, was introduced by Herald Donald Bel.

To the strains of Rubinstein's Melody in F, played by Miss Jessie Lou Hight, the following dukes and duchesses entered: Duke Irvin of the House of Kunze with Duchess Flora Jane of the House of Hertig; Duke Emory of the House of Madding with Duchess Margaret of the House of Smart; Duke Paul of the House of Kiker with Duchess Zeletta of the House of Roper; Duke Carl of the House of Marshall with Duchess Fay of the House of Jayner; Duke Lester of the House of Jones with Duchess Edna of the House of Miller; Duke Zedoc of the House of Pridgeon with Duchess Nancy of the House of Farrell; Duke Carl of the House of Cashion with Duchess Naomi of the House of Evans; Duke Rex of the House of Parker with Duchess Sarah of the House of Harris; Duke Wayman of the House of Robertson with Duchess Reba of the House of Waters; Duke Joseph of the House of Kunze with Duchess June of the House of Benson; Duke Grey of the House of Johnson with Duchess Virginia of the House of McCamey; Duke Randall of the House of Smith with Duchess June of the House of Crouch with Duchess Francis of the House of Robertson; Duke Frank of the House of Smith with Duchess Mildred of the House of Burton; Duke J. L. of the House of Marshall with Duchess Marjorie of the House of Parker; Duke Sam of the House of Adams with Duchess Katye of the House of Routt; Duke Walter of the House of Kemp, with Duchess Juanita of the House of Dykes; Duke Billie of the House of Pool with Duchess Mary Elizabeth of the House of Reno.

Junior Waddell carried the crown on a white satin pillow. Little flower girls, Pearl Walston, Ruth Hereford, Nan Cashion, and Margaret Lancaster carried baskets of rose petals.

At the sound of flourishing trumpets, the door was swung back, and Her Royal Highness, Princess Ronda of the House of Winn, with much dignity and grace, appeared. She was attired in a gown of white satin with trimmings of pearls and rhine-stones. From her shoulders hung a train of silk malines on a foundation of white satin.

The train was carried by Little Junior Waddell and John W. Wooldridge.

As Princess Ronda knelt at the foot of the throne, King W. T. of the House of Crouch invested her with the insignia of royalty.

After the Dukes and Duchesses, paid homage to the queen the following program was rendered:

Minuet	Chorus
Flower Drill	Parasol Drill
Charleston	Highland Fling
Crow Drill	Maypole Dance

RETURN OF OUR WILLING WORKER

We, of the Handley High School, wish to express our gladness for the fact that Miss Ruth Webb, one of the most willing workers and best loved girl of our school, is back with us to assume her studies with her many, many friends who have missed her presence and care-free smile for the past month.

Miss Ruth has been absent because of a serious illness and operation for appendicitis. We were all glad to see her return.

Both classmates and teachers missed her so much from all her classes. She always makes hard things seem easy for her classmates because of her willingness to work for them. Every one loves and appreciates her because of her Christian influence and sweet disposition to her fellow students.

Also we will not forget her talent in expressing our thoughts to our teachers in every poem of the "Faculty Member." She has unusual talent along that line and we are glad to say she is using it to the glory of God.

Ruth has been with us a short time but every student and teacher loves her and appreciates all she has so willingly done for the betterment of dear old Handley High

A dear friend.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

"The Charm School" will be presented by members of the Senior Class Friday evening, June 3rd, in the High School Auditorium. This is a fascinating comedy filled situations of fun, trouble, excitement, and most of all CHARM.

Coston Gregory plays part of Austin Bevans, the automobile salesman, who inherits a girl's school-with great precision and technique. Elsie Benedotti, the president of the Senior class at school, is so charming that the new president, because of her, loses his school, but wins her. This part is played by Elizabeth Rice. No less charming is Louise Davidson as Miss Curtis, Secretary of school. She is always trying to think well of the Senior class. Mabel Driggers, as Miss Hays, manager of the school, is dignified enough to cause all to love and fear her.

THE SENIOR CLASS CONSISTS OF:

Sally Boyd	Flora Hoskins
Murrell Doughty	Edith Kemp
Ethel Speivin	Grace Rich
Alix Mercier	Thelma Dozier
Lillian Stafford	Madeline McComb

Under the supervision of their new President all of the girls attain a charm that is irresistible. The following made characters are necessary to carry out the plans of the president:

David MacKenzie	Paul Kemp
George Boyd	E. J. Mitchell
Jim Simpkins	John Bateman
Homer Johns	John Brannon

Each character is well chosen and under the constant tutelage and coaching of Mrs. Robert V. Simons, who is a star of charm.

The Prodigal Son

By RUTH WEBB

Many years ago there lived in England an old man who staid all alone in his lonely log cabin.

One evening just as the sun was sinking in the west the old man heard a faint knock at the door. He feebly arose from his place near the warm fireside. As he walked slowly across the old worn floor, he heard the cold wind howling around the corner of his hut, as it was a cold, stormy night. Reaching the door he opened it cautiously, but looking out into the fast approaching darkness of night he could see no one. He closed the door and walked wearily back to the other side of the room and seated himself again by the fire.

As he sat there thinking a deep shadow of grief spread over his mind. He reached out his hand and picked up an old Bible, worn badly, and its covers beginning to come apart, from a small table, sitting in the corner, covered in dust.

He opened the book and began reading. He had not read long until his eyes filled with tears, and he buried his face in his hands and sobbed bitterly. It seemed that his heart would break. Then he arose from his chair and kneeling beside it he poured out his heart to God in agonizing prayer. It seemed that the old man could not live under his weight of care. As he arose from his prayer he heard another knock at the door. He quickly dried the tears from his eyes and opened the door. As the thunder rolled a flash of lightning revealed a figure standing just outside the door. "Come in," the old man invited. At these words a tall thin figure came closer to the door, then on into the log house, which was very open and cold, yet it felt warm and comfortable to the poor, frozen, warfaring stranger, who was dripping wet from the hard drenching rain.

Having seated himself close to the fire the stranger slowly began to talk. The old man, though broken-hearted and sad, tried to appear happy and cheerful. He ministered to his visitor as best he could. He gave him dry clothes, and some food to eat, for he was very tired and hungry after battling with the rain and storm for some

He quickly dressed and warmed himself then prepared to eat the food the old man had so freely given. He ate heartily, then they went down to the big open fire place room again.

As they sat there and the stranger felt so much better, he fell asleep when the bright rays of the fire began to impart its warmth to his weary body, tired and worn from his journey. And as the old man sat there and meditated alone, he thought oh so many times of his son as he gazed upon the sleeping face of his guest. In his thoughts he spoke aloud, "Oh, if only this man would stay with me always, how happy we could be together. I would not be lonely again; he looks so much like my own dear son, for whom I would give my life to see once more before I pass on beyond this world."

Just as these words were spoken the old man's eyes seemed to close in a deep sleep. While he was sleeping an angel appeared to him, and comforted him saying, "Be of good cheer, thy God is with thee." When the old man awoke these words seemed to ring in his ears. The words the angel had spoken.

Seeing that his guest was still asleep he began reading his Bible again. When he opened it the first words he saw were the very words the angel had spoken to him—"Be of good cheer, thy God is with thee." As he spoke aloud to himself he saw the eyes of the stranger slowly open. He laid his Bible up and several words were exchanged between the two men. Then a deathly quietness settled about the room. Nothing broke the silence for several moments except the whistling of the wind, the falling rain and an occasional boom of thunder. As the men sat facing each other both were motionless and still. At last the stranger spoke in tender tones, "Why are you so sad?" "Sad," the old man replied, "why I didn't know I was sad, I didn't say I was sad." "That's true," said the stranger, "but it is written upon every line of your face; yes, grief is hovering in your heart tonight." At these words the old man bowed his head in sorrow and began to weep aloud. Then between sobs he told the stranger that his life had been wrecked, and that the rest of his days would be filled with sorrow. This is the story he related to the stranger who seemed to be so interested and sympathetic.

"About one year ago our home was happy. I was not living alone then for I had the

company of a faithful wife and one son. We were so happy and contented together. But one day our boy disappeared. We did not know he was going until he had gone. About three days after he left we received a letter from him telling us he was tired of home and wanted to go out to make his way in the world alone. He wanted to meet with new people, and see the world, and live just as he pleased his own life. He did not tell us where he was going or when he was coming back. This of course almost killed his parents, for we loved him even though he did many things wrong and was often harsh and disobedient. Yes, we loved him and would sacrifice anything for him. We thought he was worth more than anything else in all the world. But he's gone! We don't have him anymore.

Since then his mother grieved so much over him she could not eat or sleep. She became weaker and weaker and as her health began to fail, she would often say she could not live with me long; but oh! how she longed to see her boy again, but all in vain. At last she died—broken-hearted—still pleading for God to send her boy safely home again."

At these words the visitor stooped gently, placing his elbows on his knees, buried his face in his hands and began sobbing. But never a word fell from his lips.

After several moments of hesitation the old man went on with his story. "No, I have never heard from my boy since then, I think some times that m-may-be he's dead I do not know, I can not tell" the old man continued. "I can only hope to meet him again some day. I get so lonesome without him, also his mother. I am all alone thinking—thinking of him, and longing to get one more look at his youthful face. But alas I guess my hope is in vain, for I have hoped for one long year, which to me seemed eternity. But he hasn't come yet. My days now are few for I am growing old and am bent with toil and care. If he doesn't come soon I shall be gone, never ~~to~~ return."

All the time the older man was talking the stranger's heart beat fast, and a distressing sensation of guilt seemed to spread over his face. His grief became deeper, his sobs louder, as he listened further to the aged man's story. At last he could stand it no longer, he then changed the conversation to something else.

By this time the darkness of night had winged its flight and the dawn of early morning was fast approaching. The aged man rose to his feet and walked into the next room to prepare some food for their breakfast.

Having eaten they decided to take a strole to refresh themselves in the sweet open space of the country, since the clouds had vanished, leaving only the pretty blue sky in their place. The sun was just peeping over the Eastern horizon, and everything seemed so fresh and beautiful after the hard rain and wind during the earlier part of the night.

They walked for some time and at last came to a small building. Upon entering this house the old man said, "I will stop here to see if fate has blessed me with any news or comfort for a troubled mind." He called for his mail (for this building was a country postoffice) the mail clerk handed him a small letter, very small, though it later proved to be of much importance. He gladly took the letter and thanked the man very kindly. As he turned away he wondered what could be in the envelope. Having torn the envelope open he looked closely at the lines written upon a small piece of paper which he took from the envelope. After reading them he cried for joy. Then read aloud to his guest these words:

"Dear Parents: I'm coming home. I'm tired of this world's ways. I'm coming home to my dear old parents to find my God anew. I now realize my parents were the best friends I had. I regret now, though it is too late, I left them in grief just ~~for~~ for my joy, but now I'm coming home."

As the old man closed the letter his heart leaped for joy and he fell to his knees and thanked God for answering his prayers and ask him to lead his boy safely home. When he arose he saw tears standing in the eyes of his guest, and at that moment, cut on God's great open plain of nature the stranger threw his arms about the old man's neck and said regretfully, "Rejoice for the Lord has heard your prayers and I am your unworthy son. I have come back home to you, never to leave you again. Forgive me dear father, I know I did wrong."

The aged man was speechless for a moment, it was such a joy and relief to his weary mind.

As they turned down the narrow trail homeward these words fell from the aged man's lips, "Thank God for the Prodigal's return."

"Your unworthy son, JOHN"

Fun and Foolishness

Thelma Dozier: "Guess what the professor said about you the other day?"

Flora: "I haven't the least idea." Thelma: "Oh, so he told you, too?"

Thelma Cresswell: "Wouldn't you like to help the old ladies' home?"

Clifford: "Seems to me the old ladies ought to be able to get home by themselves."

"Wouldn't that burn you up?" said Paul Kemp as he sat on his sister's curling iron.

"Not many people can do this" said Lloyd as he turned his Ford into a lamp post.

Flora H.: "I learned to dance in one evening."

John Bateman: "I thought so."

Eith K.: "Are you sure the tickets are alright?"

Curtis: "Sure they are. Didn't I put them in the safe just before we started?"

Jessie: "George says I grow more beautiful every time he calls."

Adrain: "Why don't you have him call oftener?"

Traffic Cop: "Do you know how to drive a car?"

Mr. Dodson: "Why yes, is there something you want to know about it?"

"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?"

"A magician."

Elizabeth R'ce: "Do you know who is in the hospital?"

Eugene: "No, who?"

Elizabeth: "Sick people."

Ruth Helen: "What kind of a person lives the longest?"

Louise List: "A rich relative."

I know my wife is an angel because she's always harping.

Of all the sad words that I've heard in my life—the saddest were these, "You are now man and wife."

Jimmie Brown is smoking baseball cigarettes—Grounders.

He: (proposing ardently) "You are one in a million."

She: "Your chances are about the same."

Paul came running into the room tardy.

Miss Bickle: "Slip?"

Paul: "Yes, clear down the stairs."

Miss Newman: "Do you know anything about the Mayflower compact?"

Madeline: "No I don't, I use Djer Kiss."

Policeman: "What would your father say if he saw you out at this time of night?"

Coston: "He'd say, Don't tell ma."

Mr. Stark: "I say, my good man, will you drive me all around town?"

George Malise: "Yeh, if I can get a harness to fit you."

There is one nice thing about being dumb—

There are so many more people just like you.

When a man gets married
He thinks he's boss,
But the woman soon shows him
It's all apple sauce.

Mr. Stark: "Say walter, is this an incubator chicken?"

Waiter: "No. Why?"

Mr. Stark: "Well anything that ever had a mother could never grow up and be as tough as this bird."

Mr. Dodson: "Well what you stopping me for?"

Cop: "Well don't you see that this is a one way street only?"

Mr. Dodson: "Well I was only going one way wasn't I?"

Miss Bickle: "You know, Miss Newman, when I was a child I had typhoid fever and five doctors had given me up to die."

Miss Liggett: "And you got over it?"

Miss Bickle: "They say I did and did well."

Handley Scenes



From the State Superintendent

We are in the month of May—one of the most important periods in the year's work. You are now considering the budget for next year; you are employing your teachers, and you should also be taking stock of your physical property and determining the extent and kind of improvement necessary for the ensuing term.

You are interested in the amount of per capita apportionment for the year 1927-'28. The regular sources of income, together with the recent increase of the gasoline tax, will guarantee a per capita of \$13.50 for 1927-'28, and on account of a decrease of the gasoline tax for the ensuing year, a per capita apportionment of \$12.50 for the year 1928-'29. If a per capita apportionment of \$15.00 is obtained, the Fortieth Legislature at its special session which convenes May ninth must make a supplemented appropriation from the general revenue or provide a new source of revenue for the available school fund. If you believe that a minimum per capita apportionment of \$15.00 is absolutely necessary for the support of the schools, you should communicate immediately with your senator and representative, urging them to make provision for such apportionment.

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE. I am requesting you to have the students in your senior class memorize the "Pledge of Allegiance" and following the lead of the president of the school board or some other prominent citizen as a part of your commencement program, to repeat said pledge with uplifted hand before the audience. There should be a word of explanation preceding the ceremony, with the reading of the pledge itself clearly and distinctly in order that the audience may understand and appreciate its meaning.

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE REQUIRED OF GRADUATES

The public school is the bulwark of the American nation. I acknowledge the obligation that I owe to the State and to this community for the training which I have received; and as an expression of my gratitude, I, here and now, in the presence of these assembled witnesses, cheerfully and unreservedly pledge myself ever to give such support to the public schools as my financial ability will permit and always to exert my influence as a citizen of Texas to uphold their ideals and to increase their usefulness in the preparation of the boys and girls of today to be the men and women of tomorrow.

COLLEGE ENTRANCE UNITS. I wish to discuss briefly the subject of college entrance units familiarly known as high school credits. There is a misconception of the meaning of these units and school men have frequently been forced to attempt to secure additional credits against their better judgment. A school having 24 units is not necessarily a better school than one with 20 units. Possibly the one with 20 units is doing better work. Perhaps the only real test of the efficiency of instruction based upon units would be in a school having nine months term and three teachers teaching high school subjects exclusively. If such a school for two years in succession has fewer than fifteen units, it would indicate work below standard or lack of equipment. Frequently, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis and other civic organizations boast of the fact that the local high school has a larger number of units than that of a neighboring town. A real school may frequently be improved and strengthened more by dropping some units or courses than by increasing the number. New courses should not be offered unless there is a local demand for the subject. "Crip" courses for indolent students or courses organized to secure additional units for advertising purposes should not be offered. A high school may be top-heavy in that more money is expended in employment of faculty than is justified in comparison with the elementary grades. A good high school cannot be maintained in a system that employs weak, cheap, and inefficient teachers in the grades, at the same time requiring such teachers to have an enrollment of forty to fifty children in a room. Good high school work demands that the students while in the lower grades be well-grounded in spelling, reading, writing, language, and arithmetic.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. N. MARRS, State Supt.

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To Students and Faculty of

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STUDENTS:

The business men who have advertised in the Skyrocket have greatly assisted us in putting out this edition, so don't fail to patronize them as much as possible.

PROGRESS

We congratulate the students of the Handley School in the progress made in their school. In all the phases of life one should progress. Without progress one cannot attain the heights of an ambition. Without an ambition, one becomes a dabbler. All of us should strive for something just a little higher up.

One sometimes progresses slowly in striving for the better things in life; but when at length the goal is reached, it can be said that it was not in vain.

Our store is a model of progress to which we invite you to come see us.

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To Professor Carter, teachers, and students of Handley High School, we wish to congratulate you for what you have accomplished this year. And to the graduates, we wish for you the best of success as you continue your endeavors, whatever they may be. You have our best wishes, one and all, we are for you.

Respectfully,

J. F. BUSSEY'S SERVICE STATION

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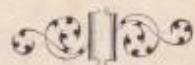
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